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"What fools these Mortals be!"
MIDSUMMER-NIGHTS DREAM

Puck

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THE COURT OF HIS HONOR THE DEVIL—BROOKLYN, N. Y.

MAYER, MERKEL & OTTMANN, LITHO. 23-25 WARREN ST. N.Y.

"Behold how good and pleasant it is for Brethren to dwell together in unity."

PUCK.

Nos. 21 & 23 WARREN STREET.

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SPECIAL NOTICES.

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Remittances by Money Order, etc., are to be addressed to KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN.

Our advertising friends are only required to pay bills presented on the billheads of PUCK, with our stamp impressed thereon. KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN.

Mr. Fraser's novel, "Archie Gascoyne" will begin with No. 111.

REMOVAL.

PUCK has removed to new and, of course, commodious quarters at

Nos. 21 & 23 WARREN STREET.

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KILLING NO MURDER.

IF it be true there are better men in the Penitentiaries than outside the barred windows of those stone-buildings, certainly it is easy to say that there are worse men who have escaped the rope, than those whose necks have been stretched by the hangman.

Practically, our civilization seems to hold high in air its bumper of sparkling wine, and sing—

"Here's a cheer for the dead already,
 And hurrah for the next that dies!"

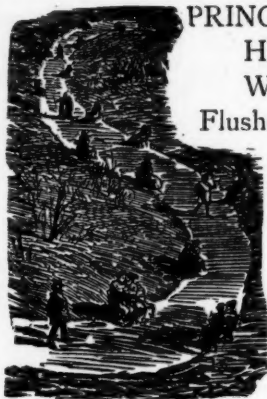
We don't hang this sort of killers. We make laws to protect them, and Society lavishes upon them its choicest favors. Why, you ought to have hanged that ever-too-sweet Col. de Mashe years ago. He married pretty little Floy Peach-blossom, and in six years she is the mother of seven children.

"Fact, ma'am, I assure you. A brace of 'em were twins." To be sure the gallant Colonel hired a Hibernian nurse for the children, but she had a vile habit of going to his liquor case and pulling corks out with her teeth: which habit caused her to fall, a promiscuous bundle of unpleasant linen and red flannel, over the hearth-rug, while the children nearly got into the parlor-grate, meanwhile.

So now Floy takes care of her own children, and has never even heard Minnie Hauk in *Carmen*, and doesn't know the airs in *Pinafore*. She is "fading, still fading," into the land of spirits—when Col. de Mashe will wear crape on his hat and propose to Bella Bullion within six months. "Died of neglect," with the light of her loving life quenched by carelessness, should be her epitaph.

But we won't hang Col. de Mashe.

SPRING.



PRING (like a maiden, of a winter's dawn,
 Half-hesitating with a dainty dread,
 Who pauses, one soft limb without the bed,
 Flushed from the amorous clinging sheets withdrawn,)
 Shy as a forest-nymph's attendant fawn,
 Slips from the coverlet that winter spread,
 Blushing in wind-flowers pink.

And be it said,
 This month batrachians deck with crystal spawn
 The bosom of the pond. The turtle-dove
 His cooing apparatus tunes in D.
 And grey-coat Park Policemen stroll and think
 How beautiful is frank, unblushing love,
 Throned queenly on Devotion's doe-skin'd knee.

Certainly not, when we have Deacon Hoggle, wholesaler, who pays 10 cents a dozen to his shirt-making girls, and when they die off, at wholesale, has them carted off his premises in the ambulances of the Charities and Correction Commissioners.

"They oughtn't to come here to work," says the Deacon, "ef they wasn't stout enough to live on ten cents a day." And then he fills up a check for dry-goods and jewelry which none of his family will ever wear.

But the Deacon with a rope around his fat neck!! In the name of smartness and religion—never!

And if that jolly good fellow who has pure Bourbon blood in him de-bars himself from his family, is it *his* fault if a little item appears in an obscure journal telling us how they starved to death? Why, he can keep a whole saloon in a roar with his funny stories; and shall we squeeze the windpipe out of which such jolly narratives issue? Forbid it, Jo. Miller! What should we do for our nasty jokes?

And if Jack Smudge, late of the prize ring, kicks his wife on the sawdust when 2996 quarter miles have robbed many thousands of minutes of healthy sleep from her tired carcass—she may die, but you wouldn't put hemp about Jack's bull-neck. Rather, you'd be proud to be introduced to him, and pay for his "go" of gin, and back him, liberally, at his next dog, or man, fight.

As to the right of Signor Macripodari to get his macaroni and red wine for and on account of the efforts of the little children who climb up trapezes and fall and kill themselves on the hard boards of the stage—why even the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children wouldn't hang the Signor.

So, gentlemen, strew your flowers over the coffins of your dead. Sing—

"Here's a cheer for the dead already,
 And hurrah to the next one that dies!"

We live in a free country, where, oftentimes,
 Killing is not Murder.

OLD England had her Maysy dance; the Indians have their maizey dance. The English used to spring; the Indians fall. If the English maiden wearied something aled her. If the squaw tires they lick. At the dance can be seen Lo, naked. Low neck-ed girls flitted round the May pole. Lo indulges in a horn, pipe, etc. So did JOHN BULL. History—in fact both stories—are full of parallels. One way of speaking. Seemingly. Lettuce top.

Puckerings.

EVE's dress was merely a figment.

CHI, niece of the Emperor, is coming over.

THERE's many a cowslip twixt the buttercup and the tulip.

GIVE others their due and you will not be dunned by them.

"Have any of the idiots asked, 'What did the pipe-stem?'"—*N. Y. Herald*.—No, you're the first one.

It is suggested that it would be a jolly good joke to inflict Lapland with the next female walking-match.

THE manna of the giving is more than the value of the gift. That's what the Israelites thought in the Wilderness.

"PUCK sacrifices physiology to punology when he speaks of a bandy-legged man as 'a friend in-kneed.' He is just the reverse.—*Philadelphia Bulletin*.—We don't want to bandy words with you, old boy, but just overhaul your dictionary.

SOON the first apple of the season, with a hectic worm-flush on its verdant cheek, will insinuate itself into the confidence of the irrepressible diminutive juvenile, and will play with his stomach as with a hand-bellows—and the fond mother, anxious to allay the intestinal strife, will castor oil upon the troubled waters.

THE dear good souls who were horribly exercised lest Rowell should carry back to England, and the high-toned society in which he there moves, an unfavorable opinion of the corresponding class in this country, are most gratefully relieved. Mr. R. has officially and most condescendingly acknowledged that he is delighted with the country and the currency.

NOTICE.

No. 9 (issue of May 7, 1877), No. 14 (issue of June 14, 1877), No. 26 (issue of September 5, 1877), No. 53 (issue of March 13, 1878), and No. 57 (issue of April 10, 1878), of PUCK will be **bought** at this office, 21 & 23 Warren Street, at 25 cents per copy.

A HISTORICAL FREEZE-OUT.

HE came into the room, and sat down at the same table with four young men.

Now, that is not at all the proper thing to do. If you are an old man with a red nose and a shaky hand and a general air of having run to seed a generation ago, you ought not to obtrude your society on young men of a humorous disposition.

He holds that opinion now—when sober.

For the young men looked curiously at one another; and after a moment of awkward silence, William remarked to Alphonso:

"Al, I met Jule in Broadway to-day?"

"Jule who?" inquired Alphonso, in an off-hand manner.

"Jule Cæsar—don't you remember him—at the school at old Cambustrius's? You know—used to be a dirty little fellow with big ears—liked to run with all the fat boys, Markie Antony and that crowd—the fellow that Mrs. Brutus's boy pounded so awfully."

"Oh, yes, I remember," said Alphonso, as the old man glanced up rather nervously; "what's the little cuss doing now?"

"Billiard-marker somewhere," was William's careless reply; "Jim, were you at Pompey's last night?"

"No," James responded apparently without noticing the new-comer's increasing agitation; "I've cut the whole gang, and so has Tiberius."

"Yes," spoke up Orlando, as the old gentleman, in a husky voice, ordered a glass of ice-water, "you two fellows seem to have joined the Sheenies. I saw you and Noah both of you disgustingly dead drunk in Houston St.—yes, and that old Lot, too. Nice men for fathers of families, they are!"

"Oh, well," said James, apologetically, "Noah'd been having a neat little row with Goliath, and he felt a bit down-in-the mouth. He's no worse than your friend Aristophanes."

The old man drank his ice-water at a gulp.

"Aristoph is a tough old case," said William. "Hear of that affair of his with Aspasia?"

Orlando had not. But he ventured the information that Clytemnestra had gone home to live with her mother, and that Agamemnon had bought a revolver.

The superfluous guest called up the waiter, and, in a tremulous whisper, inquired if there were really four young men on the other side of the table.

"Torquemada was in here about half-an-hour ago, looking for you, Orlando," James observed in a casual manner. "I hear he's been nominated for Justice in Duffy's district."

"Yes," replied his friend, while the old man rubbed his eyes in a worried way; "but I'm afraid he's too much of Captain Williams's way of thinking to make much of a run for it. Cæsar D. Bazan is getting up a campaign club for him, though."

There was a stifled groan from the aged.

"Watty Raleigh is going to run against him," Alphonso remarked; "and he means to make his headquarters at Anacreon's beer-shebang."

"Talking about Raleigh," William took his cigarette from his mouth to observe, "I hear he's engaged to Amy Robsart. How's that?"

William replied, while the old gentleman staggered to his feet and held on by the back of his chair, that it was Godiva to whom Watty was engaged; that Amy was going on the stage, and that she had been flirting so outrageously with Roger Bacon that it had broken off the match between him and Molly Stuart, and that Jenny Grey had shaken Lancelot because he wore cloth-top boots and was accused of owning a chest-protector, and because he had been running round with the Priam girls and had kissed Maria Flanders at old Mrs. Laban's reception."

"Well," said Alphonso, "Adam told me—" But with a howl of bewildered agony the old man started for the door; and, pausing on the threshold, registered a solemn vow never to touch another drop as long as he lived.

"Guess we froze him out, historically speaking," said William, as the interloper's coat-tails vanished on the dim horizon.

[See cartoon on last page.]

CIRCULAR LETTER.

TO MY FRIENDS AND PATRONS IN THE RURAL DISTRICTS.

SPRING having come, with its usual array of buds and blossoms, its birds and its balmy breezes, soft invitations floating from its green and gracious fields, I hereby notify you that I have shaken from my feet [No. 18s.] the dust of the metropolis, freeing myself from this ceaseless whirl of maddening excitement, to seek the bucolic seclusion which a haystack grants—to repose, so to put it, on the bosom of nature.

This is to inform you that I shall be in your neighborhood on or about the first of next week, and shall be prepared to receive your Spring contributions, if up to the usual standard.

And here let me suggest that cold mutton will no longer be considered a fit lining for this emaciated stomach; and that when your eyes are again gladdened by the sight of that cock-eyed old pedestrian who last season worked a whole half-day for a week's entertainment, you will confer a favor on the individual referred to by having in readiness accommodations more suitable to his social standing than the awfully off-colored old vest which you played off on me last summer, and which is now anything but the correct card in the way of fashionable toggery.

Furthermore let me suggest to you that beans is [or are, according to the shallow rules of puerile purists,] called in.

I greet you, gentle farmer,
And when the weather's warmer,
(For my trade it is to travel
O'er the cruel, cutting gravel,
Though my head you heap a curse on,
I will call on you in person,
Before the first of May,
And, concluding this, will say:

that, hoping for a continuance of past favors, I remain

Yours very truly,

HOOKEY WALKER, T.R.A.M.P.

WE TREMBLE.

BALTIMORE 4-3-79

Gents

Do you not think it would be to your advantage to leave Archbishop Purcell and his truble alone, for no person out of the R. C. Church takes any interest in the matter and no Catholic would subcribe to your paper with such illustrations as you have been giving

I think that I can say the same about your so-called History of Oireland, do you think for a moment, that the Irish element (which amounts to a great deal) will take a paper which turns there weak points into ridicule,

Yours &c

F. A. B.

The receipt of the above postal card places us in an awful position.

We have but two alternatives left us—either to pause in our mad career or to go on.

We think we shall go on.

VICTORIA'S MANNERS.

NEITHER Mr. Welsh, our pious Minister at the Court of St. James's, nor Mr. Gladstone was invited to the recent nuptial ceremony of Mr. Prince Arthur with a German young woman.

It is severe on Mr. Gladstone that we should have to mention him in the same breath as Mr. Welsh, but the exigencies of the case will not permit us to do otherwise.

We are not at all offended at Mrs. Victoria's leaving Mr. Welsh out in the cold. She is at perfect liberty to chose her own company, and Mr. Welsh individually wouldn't have done much honor to it, although it would have been a graceful compliment indeed; but we must confess that it is somewhat of a surprise to us that ex-Prime Minister Gladstone should have been overlooked on the auspicious occasion.

For the credit of the progenitors of Mrs. Victoria, who, it is presumed, paid the extra twopence a week to teach their offspring manners, we will charitably suppose that there really wasn't room at the Windsor wedding breakfast-table for an additional guest—especially for one of Mr. Gladstone's dimensions.

This, then, being the case, we strongly object to any of Mr. Gladstone's friends making any disturbance about the matter, and describing Victoria's action as cheap and vulgar, and what might be expected from such a senseless, ill-bred lot as the useless un-English House of Brunswick.

No. Mrs. Victoria and the whole of her charming family are very nice people indeed, and we will not, if we know it, permit them to be slightly spoken of.

Since writing the above, we are informed that one of the reasons of Mrs. Victoria's neglecting to honor Mr. Welsh with an invitation was owing to his having no regulation dress garments in which to appear.

We haven't a very extensive wardrobe ourselves, but sooner than Mr. Welsh should not bask in the sunshine, or rather sunset, of such royalty at the next Windsor blowout, we'll lend him our own best Sunday-go-to-meeting swallowtail.

PUCK'S PANTHEON.

AMONG the Senators of the United States the palm of beauty is generally awarded to either the Honorable Roscoe Conkling or the Honorable Ambrose Burnside.

Roscoe is perhaps the heavier weight—more on the Apollo order—but General Burnside sails out strong on whiskers and fancy waist-coats, both mighty adjuncts to masculine beauty.

The Honorable Burnside is not—we say it with regret—a great politician. He is about as much of a statesman as he used to be of a tactician. But then we do not need statesmen in the Senate of the United States. As far as it is possible to find out, what we want is a man who can drive a pair of fast horses, sport the picturesque garments that Washington considers the sartorial cheese, and drive female or epicene newspaper correspondents into gushing ecstasy. And this we have got in the small man from the small State.

Burnside, besides being beautiful, is something of an epigrammatist. A short time ago—just after his little contest with the rival Narcissus of the Capital, he gave birth to a beautiful sentiment, in the significant remark that he "didn't want to be more of a fool than God made him."

Which beautiful expression of confidence in the judicious care of Providence deserves to go on record as the century's champion gem of apothegmatic eloquence.

HE STOOPS TO CONQUER.

A CHARMING girl there is I know
And love, who lives somewhere in Yonkers;
And sure wherever she doth go,
All manly hearts her beauty conquers.
But all in vain I sue—worse luck!
With character beyond reproach, man;
She won't—I'm not a car conduc-
Tor or a coachman.

I've writ of sonnets quite a heap;
I've praised her lip, her nose, her tresses;
And, save when *very* fast asleep,
I dream of her, and pay addresses;
And bonbons wholesale wildly chuck
Into her lap, when I approach, man;
In vain—I'm not a car conduc-
Tor, or a coachman.

But I *will* win her! yes, by Jove!
Who sometimes stoops not seldom conquers;
I'll give up law, and win the love
And hand of that sweet girl in Yonkers!
So use your influence, dear PUCK,
Lest on this form pale Death encroach, man,
And get me made a car conduc-
Tor, or a coachman.

JOHN FRASER.

HISTORY OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.

BY MOZIS KOIT TILEHER.

VOL. I.—FORMATIVE EPOCH.

EVERYBODY knows that buildings erected upon sand are liable to tumble; the exceptions to the rule are those banks which are built upon golden sands. If you would have a grand structure, you must have a firm, massive foundation. On this point we can refer to the basis of American Literature with pride. In the early days of our national life, as soon as our publishers began to print books, fine editions of the works of such distinguished American authors as Hume, Smollet, Fielding, Pope, Addison, Swift, Johnson, Goldsmith, etc., etc., were produced. It is a vulgar prejudice that those authors were not American, because they were born and lived in England. Everybody will admit (and it is greatly to their credit) that they might have been born, and might have lived—we mean starved in America.

During this epoch, though our stage had not reached its present splendid condition, many of the plays of such distinguished American writers as Shakspeare, Jonson, Colman, O'Keefe, etc., etc., were produced by our managers. We say American writers with the utmost confidence; for our managers adopted Molière's rule, and claimed their own wherever they found it.

VOL. II.—TRANSITIONAL EPOCH.

Built, as has been shown, on such a firm foundation, the later epoch of our literature could not be otherwise than brilliant. During this period our publishers vied with each other in producing editions of the works of those distinguished writers, Dickens, Scott, Byron, Thackeray, Wordsworth, and a host of others. Almost all the authors were born in the British Isles; but it would be ridiculous for one to write about American literature, if one did not write about the books produced by our publishers. There were, we believe, a few volumes published written by persons named Irving, Longfellow, Holmes, Hawthorne, and Whittier; but those volumes were, taken together, a mere bagatelle compared with the mass of books

produced by our publishers. During this epoch science and travels came to the front, and our publishers produced the works of those eminent Americans, Huxley, Darwin, Livingston, Burnaby, Davy, etc., etc. In dramatic art our managers drew upon their distinguished fellow-citizens Taylor, Reade, Dumas, Gilbert, Sardou, Byron, etc., etc.

It must not be supposed that we do not know that the persons we have mentioned were born in England and France; but that has no bearing on the question. Suppose a man, who should have been born in Ireland, comes into the world in Madrid, would he not still be an Irishman? Every publisher will tell you that the authors above mentioned should have been born in America.

VOL. III.—THE TENCENT-ENNIAL EPOCH.

Everything relating to publisher's rights was rapidly drifting to confusion. Such American authors as happened to have been born and still live in a foreign land, could not copyright their books here. By some blunder there had not been passed an act of Congress, providing that the publisher first grabbing the books of such authors should have the exclusive right to print such books. However, the publishers invented a courtesy of the trade, and divided up such authors among themselves. Then the publishers were delighted. To be sure, the authors above mentioned, and even those authors born here, groaned; but the publishers grew rich.

Unfortunately there arose publishers who snapped their fingers at the courtesy of the trade. Without any warning they began to publish the works of foreign-born American authors for the ridiculous price of ten cents a number. Such conduct was intolerable. Many publishers had invested large sums of money in business, on the theory that they could go on forever publishing the books of foreign-born American authors without further expense than the cost of the ink, paper, and printing, and could go on selling them at high prices. To them it seemed shameful that books should be sold for ten cents. It is said that the courtesy of the trade publishers feels so deeply the wrong done to American authors, who were born and now live in foreign lands, by the publication of the books of such authors here without—we mean for ten cents, that those publishers are endeavoring to have a law passed, which will prevent the publication of the books of such authors without the consent—again we mean for ten cents.

FROM A PECUNIARY POINT OF VIEW.



"Gracious Abraham, old woman, dot daemndentist has two uf my teet out ge-pulled!"
"Un' you gry owit abowit dot? Don' you see you vas got ahet uf him—you only bay for EINS!"

MORGAN THE MARTYR.

WE are pained to see that the infidel bloodhounds of the press are still barking at the heels of the Reverend Morgan Dix, and galling the dainty counters of his sweet little cloth boots.

We object to this. We have constituted ourselves the defenders of the Reverend Morgan, and we mean to see him and his little confessional safely through the fray.

Let the infidel press beware. If the Reverend Morgan loses his darling temper—gets up on his auricular—so to speak—there will be mourning in the household of the ungodly.

Ponder for a moment, scoffer, pause in your sinful way, and reflect on the awful consequences of offending the representative of Dr. Pusey and the Almighty. Where would ye be, O children of Belial, if the Reverend Morgan should decide to launch his quite too awfully awful curse at your noddles?

But we feel sure he will not fire the anathema of the Trinity Church Corporation at those hopeless heads. The Reverend Morgan is not that kind of a—that kind of ecclesiastic. [We beg for pardon. There was a worldly phrase on the tip of our tongue.] Nay, he will annihilate the infidel, indeed he will; but he will do it natty and sweetly, like a well-bred priestly-priest, with a proper little pet of a lecture, delivered to the ladies of his congregation on the Fifteenth Friday after Quinquagesima. There he will teach the pet lambs of his flock how blind and ignorant and wholly depraved and wicked are the matter-of-fact Darwin, and the cruel Colenso, and the too realistic Huxley; and he will show the unpardonable wickedness of dealing with ungodly facts and naughty figures, and how much better it is to remain in the snug and comfortable fold of the Church than to venture into the outer storm and darkness, to learn the mysteries and marvels of the heavens and to suck the milk of nature from her life-giving dugs.

It is evident that if there is any cursing to be done *we* shall have to do it. Fortunately, we consider ourselves well able to curse for the Reverend Morgan; and our imprecatory abilities shall always be at his service.

He was never of a vindictive or pugnacious disposition, the gentle soul. 'Twas the same in childhood's tender hour. When his rude little brother annoyed him, and with brutal blows deprived him of the cherished treasure of his heart, did he turn around and, as the world would phrase it, bust him in the eye? No. No. No. He appealed, with softly streaming eyes, to the maternal sense of justice:

"Ma, Charles is hurting my feelings, and he's taking my auricular confession away from me!"

And the darling's champion came to the rescue:

"Charles, stop annoying your saintly brother, and give him back his auricular confession right away, or I'll tell your military father."

And now we will take the place of that parental protector. We will shield this tender flower of ritualism from the breezes of the cruel world. We will be a mother to Morgan.

Fear not, O Tootsy-Wootsy of Trinity. Wrap yourself in your alb and your chasuble, or whatever you may call the fashionable Romanist rig, light your waxen tapers, gather your little white-shirted boys about you, retire into your sentry-box, and confess the darling devotees whose patchouly and frangipanni float about you like the tangible and material odor of righteousness.

We will protect you.

OUR streets are in a h—l of a condition—they are paved with good big indentions.

PUCK'S PANTHEON.

V.

BURNSIDE, THE BEAUTIFUL.



A. Wales

THE ADONIS OF THE SENATE.

ONLY A LOCK OF HAIR.



PENING a desk to-day,
Closed for long years,
Caused me to think, and pay
Memory's arrears;
For in a paper white,
Wrapped as with care,
There lay a lock of bright
Jetty-black hair.

What were my reveries?
Born of regret?
Some of youth's memories
Age would forget?
Dreams of some loved and lost
Hazel-eyed girl?
Had my young love been crossed?
Was this *her* curl?

Was it with tender sighs
Pressed to my heart?
Did the tears dim my eyes?
Gave I a start?
This is the proper thing,
So the bards say.
I gave it—just a fling
Out of the way!

"Heartless," you cry, "and bad"—
Hear to the end!
I, when a youth, who had
Money to spend,
Purchased a trotting mare,
"Pride of the Vale;"
'Twas but a lock of hair
Out of her tail!

ARTHUR HOSTAGE.

FITZNOODLE IN AMERICA.

LXXXIII.

THE AMERICAN CAD.



Ya-as aw, weally
cahn't avoid mak-
ing some wemarks
with wegard to the
fellaws who aw make
stwenuous ende a-
vors, but only with
an indifferwent
amount of success,
to get themselves
up to look like tho-
Englishmen — like

roughbwed arwistocwatic
Jack and me, yer know.

It is an extwemely laudable twait in their
charwactah, but I am sorwy to say in the ma-
jorwity of instances they are wetched aw miser-
wable failures.

Miss Marguerwite's young cub of a bwotah
is an example, but perwhaps not so good as
varwious othah specimens of young Amerwican
humanity I have wubbed shouldahs with. But
I wathah think this aw fellow will do faw my
purpose, because I see him maw fwrequently
than I do othah fellaws, although—and aw it's
a melancholy fact—the clubs week with them.

It's pwetty well understood, and I'm almost
wearwy of saying it, that it's perfectly impossi-
ble, in this pwimitive countwy, to have any
weal gentwy; and aw I should be aw inclined
to ovahlook this depwivation if the young
Amerwican would-be fashionable cad would not
make such a fwightful ass of himself.

The aw English fellow whose fathah per-
whaps was in twade or a pwofession may, in
weality, be vulgah, but is often apparwently all
wight. At any wate, he stwives to copy the
mannahs and customs of our set, and with a
considerwable degwee of success.

And then even a half-bwed fellow can meet

me on many gwounds. He may be a good
cwicketah or take a deep interwest in wacing,
and may aw weally know what he's talking
about in sporting mattahs, and have judgment
and taste about a varwietty of things, and may
even know how to dwess pwopahly, that our
fellaws may manage to tolerwate him without
any degwee of twouble; but the awerwage
Amerwican who affects the loungeah and twe-
mendous swell is almost invarwibly a pure and
unadulterwated c-c-cad.

He is always a gweat deal worse if he's been
to Eurwope, where, of course, as Jack says, he
can, I suppose, nevah be anything maw than a
mere tourwist, and then he weturns and makes
himself maw widiculous than evah, with an in-
cwease of terwible airs and swaggah.

Jack and I don't care faw this, ye know, but
othah people dwaw our attention to it in ordah
that we may appweciate it.

If the fashionable Amerwican cad had favor-
wable qualities to counterwact the unfavorw-
wable, as in the case of the ordinarwy aw manly
aw athletic English fellow weferred to, Jack
says he should not feel aggwieved—but 'pon
my soul he hasn't.

I may pwemise by saying that he weally
doesn't know how to dwess. He pwobably
tells his tailah to make his clothes in the we-
gulation and standard Bwitish way. They don't
have the effect of making him look the cor-
wect thing. Some arwangement about the
generwal tone of the style of the aw tout en-
semble betwys the unfortunate nationality of
the wearwer. It's either the twousers or cwa-
vat or some othah affai-ah.

Then the voice that they twy to aw assume,
the attempt at the English wounded wing, ye
know—that's the way it's descwibed by Amer-
wicans, although I nevah knew it had any spe-
cial peculiarwity. A fellow cahnt see these
things unless there is something to contwast
them by. Yer see, it's all wight for Jack and
me to dwawl, because it's naturwal; but it's
outwageously widiculous in an Amerwican fash-
ionable cad. But the fact is they want ignor-
want people to mistake them for English fel-
lows.

I invarwibly consider this extwemely flatter-
wing, but it doesn't make the fellaws who do it
any less inferwiah as no-end-of asses, aw.

EASY LESSONS IN MAGIC.

ALMOST all tricks of legerdmain owe
their effect to some cunningly contrived
apparatus, and not to any skill on the
part of the performer. The tricks we are about
to describe are an exception. No apparatus is
needed—no paraphernalia is necessary. But
sleight-of-hand is. Also some "cheek."

The Egg Trick.—Although this trick may
seem to partake of the marvelous, it is in fact
very simple. An egg slightly indisposed will
answer the purpose, if a healthy one is not
obtainable. First pass the egg around your
audience to convince them that it doesn't con-
tain a false bottom. Now attract their atten-
tion by relating a little story about a hen in
Oshkosh that laid four eggs on each week day,
and seven on Sunday. This will put the
audience in a good humor. Then call upon a
young man with light trousers to assist you
in the trick. When he comes upon the stage,
motion him to a chair, and, as he is in the act
of sitting down, deftly place the egg under him.
You will be astonished at the fluent manner in
which he quotes profane history. In perform-
ing this trick always select a small man to
assist you, as it will prove healthier—for the
performer.

The Magic Jam.—Take a jar of blackberry
jam, about six months old. Place the vessel on
the dining-table in the presence of Johnny and

Willie, and remove the lid, or cover. Then
leave the room five minutes. When you return
you will be surprised to find the jar empty, and
Johnny and Willie full of jam. This trick never
fails to please the boys who are left alone with
the jar.

The Mysterious Bottle.—Take a quart-bottle
with a long neck, and fill it with spring water.
If spring has not arrived, use fall water. Label
the bottle "Old Rye," and set it away in the
closet. Next morning, when a "Hungarian
flood sufferer" applies for relief, present him
with the bottle. He will leave with gratitude
in his heart, and a smile in his face—but not a
"smile" in the bottle. Now watch him as he
meanders down the road, and you will observe
him place the bottle between his eye and the
sun, then remove the cork, and carry the vessel
to his lips—and the next instant it will be
dashed into ten thousand fragments. You
might take an axe and smash the bottle into as
many pieces, but the trick would be less enjoy-
able.

The Bewitched Watch.—Ask one of your
audience to loan you a full-jeweled stem-winder
gold watch. If you are satisfied that the time-
piece is worth one hundred and fifty-five dol-
lars, ask the owner at what dollar store it was
purchased. This will create a little merriment.
Now borrow a common oyster-knife costing
about thirty-five cents. Persons who attend
amateur sleight-of-hand performances always
carry such things with them. Now take the
knife and try to open the watch, as you would a
valve; but first assure your audience that the
oyster-knife doesn't contain a false bottom.
Remove the entrails of the watch, and pound
the cog-wheels, hair-springs, safety-valves, gov-
ernors, etc., into a shapeless mass. First pass
your hammer around the audience to convince
them that it is not hollow. Now scoop up the
battered works of the time-piece, place them in
the case, and stamp on it with the heel of your
boot. Fling your boot among the audience,
that they may see for themselves that it doesn't
contain a false bottom. Audiences are some-
what skeptical, and imagine that all tricks of
legerdmain are performed with apparatus
especially designed for that purpose. Now
return the watch to the owner and defy him to
make it run. He can't do it! But he will
probably succeed in making you run.

The Prolific Hat.—Borrow a silk hat worth
about seven dollars and a half. Proceed to
turn up your coat-cuffs, that all may see you
have nothing concealed up your sleeves. Now
request the audience to loan you several trifles,
such as twenty-dollar gold-pieces, diamond
pins, fifty-dollar greenbacks, etc. Place these
articles in the hat and lay your handkerchief
over it. Flourish your magic wand four times
around the tile, repeat the phrase, "Hanki-
panki-wanki, presto, change!" and remove the
handkerchief. Let the audience personally in-
spect the handkerchief, to assure themselves
that it doesn't contain a false bottom—that it
is entirely free from the deception resorted to
by so many magicians. Now carefully remove
the articles from off the head, one at a time,
quietly slip them into your coat-tail pockets
and place the hat on your head. Then suddenly
dart out of the door and go down-town to see a
man. This trick is sure to startle an audience;
but its success depends more upon swiftness of
legs than sleight-of-hand. W.

ENDED IN SMOKE.

(Near 42d Street—Scene of Elevated Railroad
accident—Road blocked—CONDUCTOR of 4th
train from station to Teutonic puffer:) "Put
out that cigar. Smoking isn't allowed."

T. P. "Vell, den, you puts me off. Dot's
vot I vant. Dot settles der hash."

DOXY.

WE have received the following letter from an ardent Christian in South William Street.

N. Y., FRIDAY, APRIL 4th, 1879.

To the Editor of PUCK:

I have read PUCK with avidity since his sparkling and successful entrée into the society of New Yorkers. I have derived great pleasure and at times, much profit therefrom. His astonishing fearlessness is certainly to be admired, and the pungent cynicism with which he tramples under foot the fallacious superstitions of the day commends him to all sensible-minded people.

Yet did he not, in the issue of the 2nd instant step a trifle too far? In the article relating to Talmadge, wherein certain ambiguous and slighting titles are affixed to the acknowledged saviour of the world, I believe he shocked and sneered at the faith and cherished hopes of many; hopes very dear and a faith better grounded than to be overturned by such allusions, however much they may be disturbed and annoyed thereby.

The antics of the clergyman in question should not give occasion for the atheistical remarks contained in your article—with all courtesy, I would say that a decent consideration on such subjects is due your readers.

E. G. R.

Several communications of similar tenor have reached us before. We have not replied to them, for the reason that the eccentricity of their English and the sanguine multitudinousness of their adjectives rendered them unfit for parliamentary discussion, save on the platform of a Brooklyn clerical convention or the quarter-deck of an Erie canal-boat.

Moreover, they were either anonymous or pseudonymous, that is, not only unworthy of answer, but undeserving of the slightest consideration or respect.

But Mr. E. G. R. expresses his ideas with moderation; and with a certain regard for the elementary principles of grammatical construction; and he trusts us with his full name and address, for which piece of manliness and good faith he has our compliments.

And we are happy to answer his note.

Mr. E. G. R., you seem an honest and reasonable sort of person. Sit down quietly and comfortably. We want to have a little talk with you.

Ruling out the first part of your letter as irrelevant and slightly inclining to soft-sawder, we find the gist of your remarks to be that you object to some of our utterances as not in accordance with the principles of your religion, which is the Christian.

Well, why should they be?

There are two or three other religions in the world, Mr. E. G. R.

Yours is one of the youngest of all. It was the child of Judæa's old age; and Judaism is a babe in arms by the side of those stately creeds whose genesis is lost in the immeasurable antiquity of Oriental tradition.

By what right do you set up your own faith among all the dead and living faiths of the world as the only true and worthy one? By what right do you demand the allegiance of all humanity to your personal God, rather than to the divided divinity of the Greek and the Roman; the elemental ruler of the Persian, or the Almighty Unnamable of the Indian?

You are a sensible man, and you don't. You know perfectly well that in our age and in our country the most that any person can ask for his special sect is the respect and consideration of others, so long as it behaves itself.

That respect and consideration, on those terms, your religion, Mr. E. G. R. of South William Street; yours, Mr. Moses of Chatham Street, and yours, Mr. Sam Wing of Mott Street, may always be sure of receiving at the hands of PUCK.

So long as your church and your synagogue and your joss-house are respectable institutions, exercising a good influence on society, each after its own fashion, we will respect and help them all. When they become disreputable or

productive of bad deeds, they may look for neither fear nor favor from *this* paper.

We really don't care to enter into your private and personal quarrels. We don't wish to agitate the great question of the superiority of your respective josses, or the greater question of joss or no joss. But if one of you who is big bullies another who is little, there is going to be a re-adjustment of the balance of war at the very first moment that these pens and pencils can get into fighting order.

As to the particular article which has called forth your plaint, it was a well-deserved rebuke of a vulgar brute who has for years vilified and outraged every alien creed, and who finally brought his own into ridicule, (by an indecent insult to a character which we respect quite as sincerely as the gentleman in South William Street,) and thereby laid himself open to a gentle hint that even the ideas he pretended to represent were not sufficient to atone for his personal impropriety.

We have nearly finished, Mr. E. G. R. But, before concluding, permit us to call your attention to the wholly different way in which other races and sects regard the point upon which you are troubled.

Look at your excellent fellow-citizen, the Jew. He practices as high a code of morality as you profess. He cares for his sick and his poor; his daughters are virtuous, and his sons keep out of states-prison; he lives at peace with all men, following the precepts of his religion without even calling your attention to the fact. He seeks neither to convert you, nor to take vengeance upon you for the wrongs you did him of old. From the lowest old clo' dealer in Baxter Street to the wisest rabbi of the richest synagogue, the attitude of the Jew towards men of other creeds is the attitude of a *gentleman*. Also regard the heathen who do not rage, but live, like brothers, in unity: and the licentious Musselman who curbs his appetite and tastes no wine: and the iconoclastic scientist who never bothers anybody.

None of these people go out of their way to disturb you; yet you call them infidels and blasphemers and evil-minded men; and never seem to think that you can hurt Mr. Huxley's feelings by abuse of his disbelief in a God as much as he could hurt yours by sneering (if he even did it) at your personal Jehovah: or that Chin Lan Pin or Mr. Keshub Chunder Sen see nothing funny in their own private conceptions of a creator.

That is all, Mr. E. G. R. Go back to South William Street, and ponder over the advisability of getting a little nearer to that simple religion of charity, truth, and wisdom, against which no mortal voice was ever lifted in ridicule or disparage.

RHYMES OF THE DAY.

INCIDENTAL.

He rushed into a house, did this adventist,

In agonizing haste to find a dentist.

"I've a respect for you, impatient youth."

"Ivory spect!" he answered. "O, my tooth!"

I asked: "Why travel at this rapid rate?"

He said: "'Tis only a tooth hurty gait."

WHETHER.

If lowery skies make flowery meads,

Let moisture reign all day:

'Tis April's due to planted seeds,

That dew may come in May.

SLOWCUS.

WHERE?

Where was the Widow when the jury came in

That wouldn't give her any of old Simon's tin?

Where was she and what was she about?

Why, she was in the witness room a crying
her eyes out.

[See cartoon on first page.]

THE DEVIL HOLDS COURT
IN BROOKLYN.

DOESN'T it seem a pity that the very pretty town of Brooklyn, on Long Island, cannot keep out of the continual moral stench with which, as it were, her garments are always reeking. If it is not the stench from Plymouth Church, it is the foul vapors which arise from the surroundings of the Tabernacle.

What Hunter's Point smells do for our bodies, the religious squabbles of Brooklyn do for our poor souls.

And it is getting worse and worse.

We do not forget that the moral miasmas of the City of Churches have a comic side to them which the bone factories, "rendering" establishments and refineries wholly lack. We know that when these latter places blow their foul stench into our nostrils from across the river, there is never a laugh that comes along with it.

We felt kindly to Bro. Beecher when he put the low-comedy of Bessie Turner and Theodore's shirt-tail into his melodrama erstwhile enacted at the City Court; and certainly we had to thank Bro. Talmage for the farcical way in which he went about, like a kind of religious Haroun Alraschid, striving to regenerate young men and women by showing them where *not* to go.

But, as the stench of Hunter's Point stinks without a smile, so the recent trial before the Brooklyn Presbytery, while it may distort our risible muscles, can bring a genuine smile only to the countenances of the Devil and Dr. Talmage.

For the Devil was certainly presiding Judge, there; and holding High Court.

How he must have grinned! It was announced to be the "Court" of his great Heavenly Opponent, and yet all the proceedings were held after the most approved diabolical manner. "It was," said the Rev. Dr. Spear, D. D., "originated in the spirit of Hell, and pursued in the spirit of Hell." And this comes *ex cathedra*; for Bro. Spear was one of the official counsellors.

From these "hellish" proceedings in the Devil's Court it is easy to predict that the public may rejoice if it gets rid of the whole thing without reading of a murder or two;—against which, in the Devil's Book of Discipline, there is no canon law. Thus far the Brethren have contented themselves with tongue-lashing each other; but, friend, you would be safer to stand under the blows of a Delaware whipping-master than under the tongue-lashings of a lot of Presbyterian ministers of the Lord when their jaws are unhackled.

And don't you forget it.

Already rumors fly thick and fast that the brothers are getting excited, are pelting each other with prayer-books, and are belaboring each other with Bibles.

This may be false; but it seems to PUCK as if it led the way to some too zealous brother, in his enthusiasm, cutting another Presbyter's throat with the raw edge of a psalm-book.

And all in the name of that Judge in whose name the "Court" is nominally held, but who said his mission was PEACE.

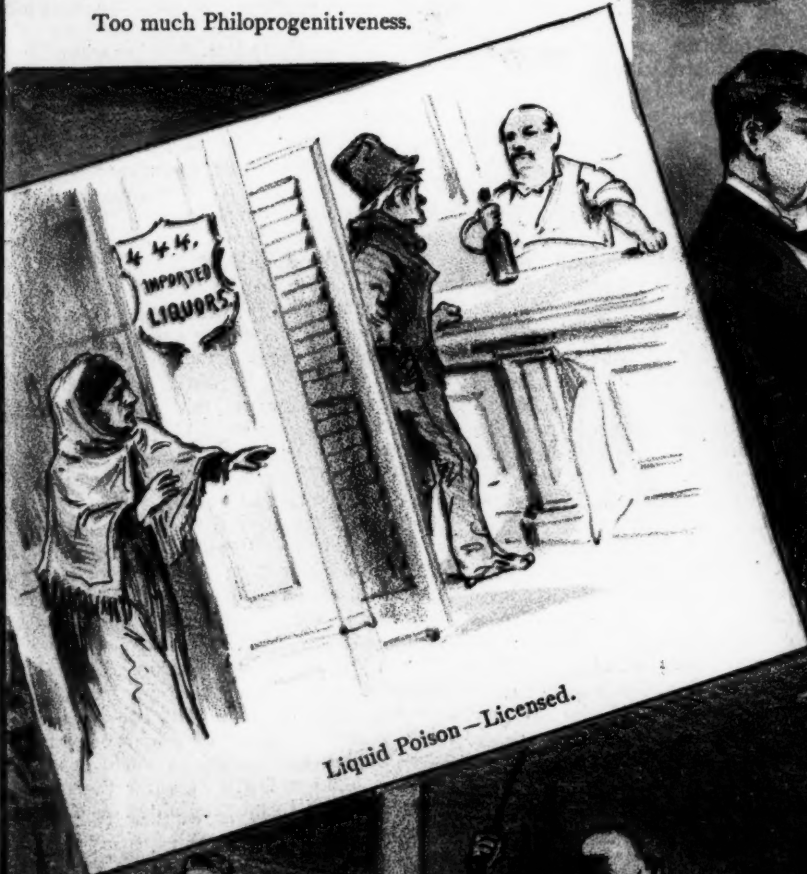
And herein we don't inquire if Bro. Talmage was a thief who stole subscription lists; or a swindler about his church finances; or a humbug "by common fame," generally.

No, we are merely dealing with the self-constituted Saints who are trying a sinner, as they say. As to Bro. T., we think PUCK can handle him more pointedly—and far more decently—than all the Presbyters in creation.

And we propose to do this in our own good time.



Too much Philoprogenitiveness.



Liquid Poison—Licensed.

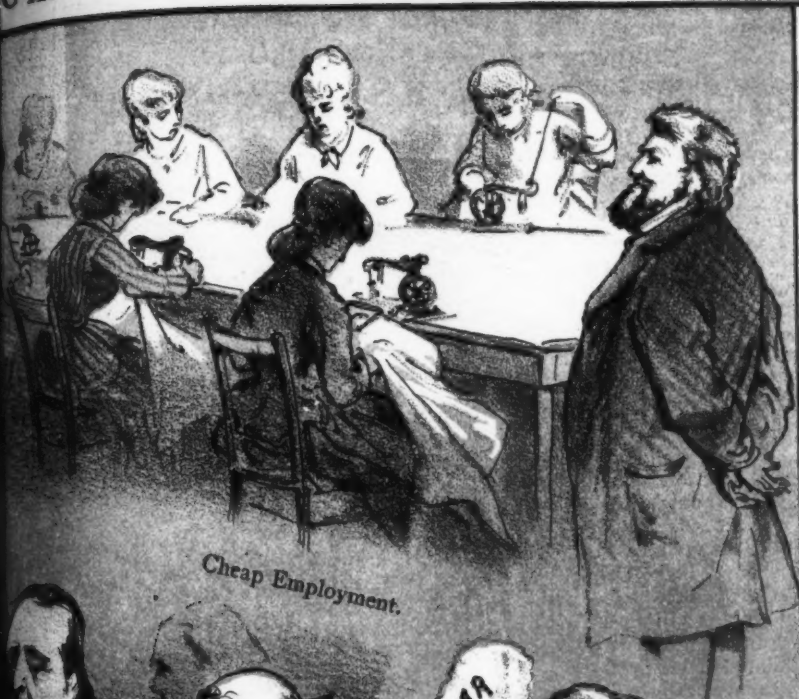


THE PRINCIPAL CHARACTER

KILLING



LICENS



Cheap Employment.



Snoozing Syrup.



The Wrong Bottle.

MURDER.



ADRONK: "He goes-a and starva himself to death, and has left-a me to starva."

THE LITTLE THRAPPEL: "You must go and."

NS MURDER.

INTERNATIONAL AMENITIES.

ALLEGED AFFRONT OFFERED
MINISTER WELSH.

DIPLOMATIC CORRESPONDENCE.

PUCK has once more distanced his contemporaries, and is enabled to lay before the public the whole of the diplomatic correspondence which has taken place between Minister Welsh, Secretary Evarts, and Lord Beaconsfield on the all-important subject of the non-invitation of Mr. Welsh to the Duke of Connaught's wedding breakfast.

Few of our readers can form an adequate idea of our narrow escape from a sanguinary war with Great Britain, and of the very delicate relations which even now exist between the two countries, the slightest straining of which might precipitate a fratricidal conflict.

But we have confidence in Mr. Evarts—every confidence; and we fondly hope that his concise despatches may have the requisite soothing effect on Lord Beaconsfield, and induce this successful statesman to forego his original determination of wiping out the insult of Mr. Evarts's mild remonstrance with blood.

The following is the first of the despatches:

I.

FROM MINISTER WELSH TO SECRETARY EVARTS.

LEGATION OF THE UNITED STATES,
LONDON, March 6th, 1879.

Sir:—I deem it my duty to inform you that an outrage has been perpetrated on the Star Spangled Banner, which neither my honor, nor that of the great nation I have the good fortune to represent, can be expected to brook.

You are doubtless aware that a son of Her Britannic Majesty has recently led to the Hymeneal Altar a daughter of a German Prince.

There were extensive festivities on the occasion, but for some reason which up to the present time I have been unable to discover, I was not included among the guests.

I submit that this is a case calling for immediate explanation from the British Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and I await your decision as to my course of action herein.

I enclose two short communications relating to the subject.

I have the honor to be, Sir,
Yours respectfully,
SAMUEL WELSH.

U. S. Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of St. James's.

ENCLOSURE 1.

FROM SAMUEL WELSH TO DEPUTY SECOND
COOK AND SUPPLEMENTARY FLASK-LAVER
JONES, BACK KITCHEN, WINDSOR CASTLE.

Strictly private and confidential.

Dear Sir:—Please ask the Queen, or somebody about the place, why I haven't received an invitation to the wedding, and oblige

Yours very truly, SAMUEL WELSH.
Enclosed half-crown for yourself.

2.

FROM DEPUTY SECOND COOK JONES TO THE
HONORABLE SAMUEL WELSH, U. S. LEGATION.

BACK KITCHEN, WINDSOR CASTLE.

Dear Sir:—I had a long interview with Her Majesty's chief bootblack on the subject of your note, and that gentleman remarked that "blest if he could make it out at all." We then adjourned to the "Elephant and Periwinkle" and spent the half-crown in beer.

Yours truly, JOHN JONES.

Deputy Second Royal Cook and Supplementary Flask-Laver.

On receipt of this dispatch, the Cabinet in Washington was hurriedly called together,

which resulted in Mr. Evarts forwarding the following dispatch:

II.

FROM SECRETARY EVARTS TO MINISTER WELSH.

DEPARTMENT OF STATE,
WASHINGTON, D. C., March 16th, 1879.

Sir:—Your dispatch, No. 1, with enclosures has received that consideration which I may venture to say without any extraordinary fear of contradiction it in common with communications or dispatches of a like kindred character and perhaps here it would not be out of place to remark others that are not unlike it in their salient aspects and have a general likeness thereto which under ordinary circumstances cannot be denied absolutely equivalent to an admitted semblance of similarity if not a strong family resemblance almost amounting to the reverse of a counterfeit presentment and would thereby entitle it without prejudice to any foregone conclusion or prospective advantages that might accrue from the existing aspect of affairs in the premises hereinbefore stated with all that may apply directly or indirectly thereto that it would not strictly speaking be derogatory to your position to officially communicate or cause to be communicated with the British Minister of the Crown whose particular province it is to take cognizance of the matters to which your dispatch presumably refers.

I have, etc.,

WM. M. EVARTS.

Mr. Welsh, having joyfully read the above, lost no time in inditing the following communication to the Marquis of Salisbury, which was immediately sent by special messenger to Downing Street:

IV.

U. S. LEGATION, March 30th.

TO THE MOST NOBLE, THE MARQUIS OF SALISBURY,
SECRETARY OF STATE FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

My Lord:—I have the honor to enclose a dispatch No. 2 from Mr. Secretary Evarts in reply to a dispatch of mine, No. 1, also enclosed, and to request that you will, at your early convenience, favor me with a good and sufficient reason for your Royal Mistress's neglect to send me an invitation to her son's wedding.

I have, etc.,

SAMUEL WELSH.

V.

FOREIGN OFFICE,
DOWNING STREET, March 30th.

The Marquis of Salisbury has the honor to acknowledge the receipt of Mr. Welsh's communication, and as it involves questions of international law of the highest importance, he has considered it his duty to place the matter in the hands of the head of the cabinet, Lord Beaconsfield, who will reply to Mr. Secretary Evarts's despatch.

VI.

THE EARL OF BEACONSFIELD TO SECRETARY
EVARTS.

Sir:—Lord Salisbury has placed before me your dispatch, No. 2, as well as a variety of papers connected therewith on the subject of the United States Minister not being invited to Her Majesty's son's wedding breakfast.

Her Majesty's Government has given due consideration to the momentous question of which your dispatch forms the subject matter, and will not hesitate to explain the motives which have actuated Her Majesty's Government in dealing with the point raised.

Her Majesty's Government has for a lengthened period been the recipient of information, which is herewith submitted, with respect to the general habits of the United States Minister, which are not calculated to make this distinguished gentleman a desirable guest at the table of Royalty.

1. That the American Minister is passionately

devoted to beefsteak-smothered-in-onions, and can never take a meal unless this dish is on the table.

2. That the American Minister invariably sticks his napkin in his throat, and puts his knife in his mouth when eating.

3. That he is much addicted to osculatory performances on the masculine mug, and Her Majesty feared that if he had been present at breakfast he would have kissed the Lord Chamberlain and the Gold-Stick-in-Waiting, to say nothing of the Master of the Buckhounds.

4. That he is abjectly servile and fresh, and weeps on the slightest provocation—and it is an infringement of 4 William IV., cap. 29, for even foreign Ambassadors to drop tears into their soup at a Royal table.

For the foregoing reasons it will be seen that Her Majesty's Government could not consistently with its dignity advise Her Majesty to command the presence of the American Minister at the wedding breakfast of His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught.

I have the honor, etc., etc.,

BEACONSFIELD.

THE THEATRES.

THE UNION SQUARE, although still Banker's Daughtering, is on the eve of producing the "Lost Children." It is a very clever piece of work and is reported to be in Mr. Cazauran's best style, and we all know what that is. There can be little doubt but that it will run to the end of the season.

BOOTH'S is now "Little Duke"-less, but the genial, handsome Right Honorable Commodore, Joseph Tooker, still flourishes. We suppose that his manly form will soon grace the quarter-deck of the "Plymouth Rock" when the balmy breezes blow.

Mrs. Oates is drawing good audiences at the LYCEUM. "La Marjolaine" and "La Perichole" are capital mediums for exhibiting the good qualities of this clever and conscientious artist.

We are not to be without a French "Little Duke." Aimee will see to that and she'll give us a "Pinafore," too, in the gallic lingo. No arrangements have yet been made for her appearance in the "Mulligan Guard's Ball." The difficulties of translation from Irish to French are not easily overcome.

THE PARK is engaged with "Engaged" and we even have the hardihood to say it is a most engaging piece.

"Pinafore" and "Trial by Jury," are still making large audiences happy at the FIFTH AVENUE, and it would be gilding refined gold, painting the lily, and doing several other things of the same character, to make any remarks on the tuneful numbers of these favorite pieces. Look out for "Fatanitza," Suppé's charming operetta, Easter-Monday, and look in at the Theatre then—and as many evenings afterwards as possible. It ought to be, if report speaks truly, the greatest success of the kind of the season, and the conditions for its production are such as to almost ensure its being so. We await "Fatanitza" with impatience.

PUCK TO MAYOR COOPER.

My dear Mayor:

Your policy is affording me great satisfaction—only you seem just a *little* bit inclined to waver. Give the Police Commissioners their walking-papers without a moment's hesitation—never mind the howls of those who don't like it. Cover yourself with glory, too, by doing your best to rid the police force of Mr. Captain Williams and his club, within the next twenty-four hours, and make New York a respectably governed city.

PUCK.

BLOOD AND THUNDER.

(Richard Dowling in *Belgravia*.)

(Continued.)

TO confederate that labor, and to make it speak in a voice which the rudest and the most refined could understand, had been the dream of his life, and now, at last, after years of thought and care, and months of ceaseless labor day and night, he the poor ex-engine-driver, had the lesson ready. Within three weeks Man should read that lesson through dilated eyes. Around four millions of people he would draw his mighty *cordon*, and in the consternation of four millions, and the amazement of all, he would set up the might of labor once and for all, to be a beacon to the oppressed and a warning to the oppressor as long as the history of our days should last.

When the two nations, or two parties of the one nation, took up arms against one another and were at war, did the German general send word to the French, did the Confederate announce to the Federal leader, "I shall attack the heights you occupy on Wednesday?" "Sir, I shall make a sally in force on Friday night?" Nothing of the kind. When the general intended to storm the heights, he made a feint in the plain. When the besieged leader designed a sally, he affected timidity and the airs of capitulation. Then, as soon as each had done all he could to deceive his opponent, he dashed at his object with his whole force. One of the mightiest engines of successful generalship was surprise. Why should the unarmed strife between muscle and money be conducted on different principles? If labor intended to deal a great blow, why should the blow always be preceded by a herald announcing the coming of the blow? The custom was absurd, and it had fallen to his fate to prove to labor the folly of parley.

True, in the course he had advocated, in the course he had compelled, there was risk, fearful risk. In his sleep last night on the hearth-rug no doubt he had unfolded to his listening wife the scheme upon which all his faculties were now concentrated. No doubt in that dangerous sleep-talk of his he had adverted to the perils of his plan, and so terrified his wife. But he had estimated all the risks, calculated all the cost, and decided with mature deliberation. She was only a woman, and because of her sex timid and ignorant of the vastness of the issue he was about to put to the test. But nothing venture, nothing win. Without risk, without great risk, no great thing was ever gained. No great concession was ever obtained, no great new principle ever established without a hazard of complimentary value.

Wrong's opportunity was Right's opportunity. Capital had been in the wrong for years. It had been attacked only in shreds and patches. Let him succeed in his present scheme, and he should not only have capital in a difficulty, but he should have four millions of people at one stroke against capital and with him! No doubt there were various members of the committees, and even a few of the delegates, who thought the people would not without exception take his side. Surely all honest folk would side with him and right against the employers and wrong. Anyway, if they did not side with him, they could not do without him; he should hold the key of the position, he should be the Napoleon of the hour, and yield he would never until he had ample guarantee of a substantial and enduring redress of grievances.

At the end of Shakspeare Road comes Coldharbor Lane. He turned down Coldharbor Lane and walked on until he came to Loughborough Junction; here he took the train to the Viaduct. He crossed the Viaduct on foot,

descended the Viaduct steps on the northern side, and proceeded up Farringdon Street. In Farringdon Street are situated the hall and offices of the Independent Metropolitan Engine-Drivers' Association.

In the course of that day he was visited by the delegates of no fewer than five of the most important branches of labor in London. With each delegate he had a long secret interview. To each he said almost the same words at parting, "We have decided to act on Saturday next three weeks. Let there be no backwardness in your preparations. Saturday three weeks without fail. We shall make that day memorable in the history of England. It will be the day from which the emancipation of labor shall date hereafter. All will have to act at five minutes past twelve on the morning of Friday three weeks. We will have a meeting on Thursday previous to the blow. Once the blow is struck we can dictate our terms. God prosper the cause!"

On the twelfth of October Mrs. Ilford, Mrs. Grame's married sister, arrived at Grame's house, Shakspeare Road, and took up her residence there. This was a great relief to Michael Grame. It seemed to absolve him from the greater portion of the responsibility in his home affairs. The two sisters occupied the one room, and he now came in so late of nights that he could not disturb them. He admitted himself by latch-key, and crept quietly to bed in a little return room which had been fitted up for him. In the morning he went into his wife's room after breakfast—she did not get up to breakfast, as the weather was bad. During these visits he always contrived that the sister should be present, so that any reference to the circumstances of the eleventh was impossible.

All this pressed heavily upon the wife. She durst not even hint to her sister at any cause of uneasiness. Her sister was neither lymphatic nor discreet; and if she said anything in her sister's presence that seemed to imply she had any cause of mental anxiety, the chances were the matter would in some way get to his ears, and then farewell to confidence and happiness for ever. So the weary time went by, day after day of dull anxiety. She did not know when the plan of her husband was to be put in force, every day it might be to-day: so that she crawled about the house momentarily expecting to hear the shouts of a tumult and see the signs of order broken loose.

On Thursday night, the first of November, Michael Grame did not get home until past midnight. He let himself in with his latch-key. His wife, sister-in-law and servant were in bed. The gas was burning in the bright tidy little hall. Shakspeare Road was as quiet as a wilderness, save for the occasional passing of a late train. Michael Grame carried a bundle, which he deposited on the hall table. Then going to the return room he lay down, and was soon asleep. On Friday morning he was up at seven. His sister-in-law came down to give him his breakfast, for he had informed her before leaving for the city on the previous day that he should want to be out of the house by half-past seven on Friday. While they were at breakfast he turned to her and said:

"Jane, I have a particular reason for asking—for telling you not to light any gas in this house from the time I leave until I come back again. Remember, I have a reason for telling you this, and you will tell Helen I told you so and that it is to be so. I brought a package of candles from town to-day; they are on the hall table, I left them there last night. Use them instead of gas, until I come back. Mind, until I come back. You will also get in a week's supply of everything we want or are likely to want. Here is money. Will that be enough money?"

She took the money and looked at it care-

fully, curiously, as though she but vaguely comprehended his words. Why did he give such orders? and why did he give such orders to her? was not his wife up-stairs? She said merely, "This will be enough for a week. But won't you go up and see Helen before you leave to-day?"

"No. I am not going up. And mark me, it is for her welfare I am doing all this. I am her husband, you are her sister, we are bound to take care of her, and to use our best judgment for her, and I am the judge of what is best; and this is best, and you will do it. She is delicate now, and her very life may be in danger if the thing that is best for her peace and welfare is not done by us. The whole weight of her life is upon you, Jane, and me. In this matter I take the responsibility of deciding what is best to be done, and upon your head I leave the responsibility of carrying out my decision. Should she make any remark about the gas, say it is cut off. She is too weak to try, and I accept the responsibility of the lie—if lie there is in this."

His sister-in-law stood staring at him in speechless wonder. She was divided between two dreads, one that her brother-in-law had gone mad, the other that her brother-in-law was still sane. She did not know which to fear most. If there were any sense in what he was saying, what dreadful things were going to happen? if he were suffering from some kind of delusion, what would become of her sister? Any way, sane or mad, it was better to promise and, moreover, to do what he asked. Anything and everything should be faced to keep the poor feeble woman up-stairs quiet. Her only reply was, "Very well, Michael."

"And, Jane, more than all that I have said to you, you are to remember what I am now going to say: 'If Helen heard from you anything of what I have been telling you, it might kill her and her unborn child as dead as though she were a twelvemonth in her grave. That is all I have to say to you now. I leave you, and I leave her life on your hands—on your head. I shall be very late to-night. I don't know when I shall be back. As I told you before, no one is to wait up. I shall go now; recollect all I have said. I leave her life in your hands—on your head.'"

With these words he left his house in Shakspeare Road.

Having walked to Loughborough Junction, he took his seat in a train to the Viaduct.

A group of men and a vast mass of business awaited his arrival at the office. It was past noon before he could get himself free for a few moments. Then he stole quickly and quietly out of the office, jumped into a hansom cab, and told the man to drive half-way down Chancery Lane.

He muses: "There is no knowing what may happen, so it is better to draw it out. The fortnight's notice is up to-day. It would not do to lose it—to lose all I have in the world, now, too, when a little one is coming to us at last."

The cab pulls up. He alights and walks quickly down a street off Chancery Lane. He enters a large building and presents a paper at a counter. It is marked and returned to him. He presents it at another counter, saying "Gold" in a low voice. The clerk counts the sum out, weighs it, and shovels it across to him. He counts it, and says "One hundred and twenty-five; thank you, it's all right."

He pours the money into a leather bag, drops the bag into his trousers pocket, and, having left the bank, hails another cab and drives rapidly back to the office in Farringdon Street.

It is now past one in the afternoon.

At three the final meeting of the delegates is to take place at the offices, Farringdon Street. The meeting lasts until five. It is almost stormy,

and all Michael Grame's eloquence and earnestness are necessary to keep the delegates up to the necessary degree of firmness and resolution. The fact is, contradictory rumors are afloat about an opposition demonstration. As yet these rumors seem no more than idle talk of the timid; still, they indicate a want of unanimity among the classes concerned.

At half-past five, Michael Grame having dismissed the delegates, and feeling faint, goes down Farringdon Street, turns up Fleet Street, and enters a tavern. Here he orders a chop and a pint of stout.

"Globe, sir," says the waiter, handing him the paper. "Globe, sir, special. We're going to have something queer on to-night, sir, if the *Globe* is right. Look there, sir." The man puts his finger on a paragraph as he hands the paper to Michael Grame.

The paragraph runs as follows:

"We understand that, owing to discontent among some branches of the industrial classes, they have resolved to take quite a novel way of appealing not only to their employers but to the general public as well. We are given to believe the scheme of the agitators will be put in operation this night, and that its effects will be the most astonishing ever experienced at a time of peace in any great modern city. About this design peculiar secrecy is observed. Should we be able to obtain any further information, it will appear in our later editions."

With a complacent smile Michael Grame puts down the paper and begins his dinner. The hour of his triumph and his fame is nigh at hand. He feels his blood swell in his veins. His heart beats lightly, the lamp of his imagination blazes up in the garden of his dreams, and he sees visions of his own triumphal progress, and hears echoes of shouts of acclaim.

The chop and the pint of stout are gone. Such an evening as this deserves a deeper honoring, it is now half-past six. A deeper honoring, yes—"Waiter, a pint of pale sherry and a cigar; a later edition of the *Globe*, if it is out."

"Yes, sir, here's the *Globe*. Half-crown sherry, yes, sir. Further particulars."

The waiter puts down the sherry and goes away. Michael Grame's hand trembles with excitement as he pours out a glass of the wine and raises it to his lips before looking at the paper. Usually he is a water-drinker: the stout has made him feel warm and comfortable. The biting heat of the sherry diffuses a quick thrill of delight through his frame. He swallows the contents of the glass and then takes up the paper.

His eyes light on two words, and everything else on the sheet is nothing. The two words are "Michael Grame!"

This is the crowning moment of his life. He feels the bays of fame upon his forehead. All London is talking of him now; all the world shall talk of him by and by. And all London shall not only talk of him, but shall talk well of him, shall rend the clouds with his name! Oh! consummation of all his hopes, supreme deliverance of the conception of a lifetime! Oh! gladness of a holy triumph!

He drinks another glass of the sherry before reading the new paragraph. The latest intelligence in the *Globe* is contained in a few words, but the words are full of grave significance:

"We have gathered a little additional news of the coming protest. So far as we are able to judge, the demonstration will take more the form of a *coup* than we first indicated. Mr. Michael Grame, Secretary of the Independent Metropolitan Engine-Drivers' Association, has organized the scheme. The police are already adopting precautions."

"The police!" mutters Michael Grame in bland condescension; "the police! they are about as powerful against my plan as the smoke of this cigar against a whirlwind!"

He drinks the sherry quickly. His face is now becoming flushed and his eye excited; red lines frame the scar upon his cheek, the centre of the scar grows deadly white. At ordinary times the blackened glass covering the cavity under the eyebrow looks dark and cold, now it catches and reflects the glowing hues beneath and around it, and shines like iron at a dull red heat.

Michael Grame sits drinking the unaccustomed sherry and smoking unaccustomed cigars until half-past seven. When he rises to go he feels a slight sense of dissatisfaction with himself for having tarried so long, and added the sherry to the stout. No doubt he required the stout to strengthen him and take the ragged edges off his nerves so that they might not jar at every contact, but now he experiences a dissatisfying suspicion that he has been guilty of an excess, an excess too in the supreme passage of his life, and when any moment may bring him grave news of his wife's condition.

But when he reaches the keen exterior air, and feels it cool and freshen him, he loses all sense of uneasiness, and walks swiftly and eagerly back to the office in Farringdon Street, there to await the maturing of his great plan, and to see and talk to such men as may seek him for instruction or counsel.

A number of men are in his office; many have grave, earnest faces, many like himself are a little flushed and excited.

At half-past eleven most of the men have left. Some have departed to their allotted posts, some to their homes, several into the streets to see the effect of the titanic blow.

At half-past eleven on this same night, Mrs. Ilford sends in all haste a messenger into town for Michael Grame. There is no unexpected alarm at the house in Shakspeare Road, but the long-anticipated event is at hand, and it is most desirable that the master of the house should be at home. The messenger is the little maid-of-all-work, and she goes with speed to the Brixton Station, and there takes the train to Ludgate Hill. It is close upon midnight before she reaches Farringdon Street. She passes under the Viaduct on her way to the office; where Michael Grame now sits all by himself.

At two minutes past twelve Michael Grame stands up and lights four candles that stand on the writing-table. Then he sits down in his elbow-chair smoking a cigar and staring into the gas-lamp on the table.

At five minutes past twelve the flame of the gas changes from pale yellow to faint blue. Soon the flames grow shorter and thinner. He smiles at it a smile of comprehension and satisfaction. In three minutes more the flame flickers, jumps, flickers, and—goes out!

With a wild shout of triumph he springs to his feet and rushes to the window. His gait is not quite steady. He must have been drinking since he left Fleet Street. He catches hold of the sash, steadies himself, draws up the blind, and looks out.

All over London at this moment has fallen a sudden pall of darkness. Not a gas-jet burns in chamber or street. The gas stokers all over London have struck, and at the same instant turned off the gas!

At this moment, pale and trembling with terror, the little maid messenger from Shakspeare Road opens the door of Michael Grame's office and enters the room. Seeing no one in the room but him, she is a little reassured; she hastens to him and puts her hand on his shoulder. He turns round, swaying unsteadily to and fro, recognizes her, and seizing her by the shoulder calls out in a hoarse thick voice:

"Do you see that black darkness?—I made it! Do you remark that silence?—that is mine too. But these are only parts of my work. That darkness and that silence are designed by

me to compel justice, to make the driver of white slaves feel the power of the white slaves, and to show those who use the handiwork of white slaves that the slaves have power over their own handiwork, that they can withhold their own handiwork if they choose!"

(To be concluded.)



Puck's Exchanges.

SOME BLANK CARTRIDGE VERSE, A LA CRISWELL.

(Chas. C. Johnson, *Wheeling Sunday Leader*.)

Why do we laugh? Aye, that's the question!
Darwin, who hath mounted the ladder of science,

Holds forth in books, at two dollars each,
Sold only by subscription, that man is but
The descendant of an animal, and yet Barnum
Would give half his kingdom for any four-

legged
Beast that could "haw-haw" even as badly
As a circus clown.

The truth is, for statistics of which please address
Eli Perkins, that laughter is heaven-born—

But to the conundrum hinted at in the first line!

No prizes given for successful answers, as
This paper is not PUCK nor the New York
World.

We laugh because about fifty paragraphs
Of the American press, hold a concave mirror
Up to nature, and make current matters as
pleasing

As a big insurance policy to the widow of a
dead husband.

Their quirks, their puns and queer conceits
Are to a newspaper what the sparkle is to champagne,

Without which, we would hold it cheaper
Than a poor article of St. Louis whisky.
"Let me write the paragraphs of a paper,
And I care not who writes the editorials,"
Said one of these happy philosophers whose
head

Is as level as the composing-stone
Of a first-class job office.

Therefore, it is decided that a man
Who makes a nation laugh is entitled to
About \$100 a week damages. Yet the fact is
That he can only recover about \$15;
But he is bound to get justice in
The Higher Court above, and
Don't you forget it.

—*Enlarged Cincinnati Saturday Night*.

"ALL the nice men are married," exclaimed a bright-eyed beauty the other day, with a toss of her little head. She probably meant to say that all married men were nice. Of course they are. It is marriage that makes them so, and the thing for that same little beauty to do is to take compassion on some miserable bachelor and make him both happy and "nice."—*Causeur in Boston Transcript*.

"I DON'T deny that we have bugs," said a Leadville landlord; "but you will not find them the same wild western animals they have at the other hotels in town. My bugs never ask more than half the bed, and no guest has ever complained that they kicked, snored, talked in their sleep or spit on the carpet. I sent clear to New York for this breed of bugs."—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

WOODED BUT NOT WON.

With stealthy gait she sought the gate,
To see the distant sea—
The scene there seen was of a seine
Dragged leeward o'er the lea.
The bell that tolled told that 'ere belle
That evening dew was due,
But still in still of eve she waits
With blushing hue for Hugh.
And soon he rode along the road
And hied where she did hide—
Racked by love's throws he throws him down
And thus sighed by her side:
"Oh, cast away all caste and hear
My sighs of solemn size,
And raise on me the gentle rays
Of that soft eye I prize.
"Some of the sum of all your love
My sighs of solemn sighs,
And raise on me the gentle rays
Of that soft eye I prize.
"Some of the sum of all your love,
O fair one, may be won—
I'll sue you, Sue alone, the loan,
And dun you till 'tis done!
"All in the dust dost see me sprawl?
This sort of love I've sought—
If tort I've taught you by my words,
Then naught should come to nought!"
She said: "All lorn upon the lawn
I hear you sighing here—
Oh, do not languish in the dew
Nor gnaw your soul with fear.
To make us two but one, I, too,
Would fain seek out the fane—
But ma might mar our plans and pa
With his raised cane raise Cain!"

Enlarged Cincinnati Saturday Night.

ONE thing is certain, the lamb isn't going to have much show this year.—*Rochester Express*.

THAT'S tooth in, as the dog said to the other, who was trying to steal his dinner.—*Toronto Grip*.

A BOY always finds out what true inwardness means when he wrestles with his first cigar.—*Waterloo Observer*.

BUYING expensive cloths is like crossing a stream, don't undertake unless you can 'ford it.—*Court Journal*.

MARKET quotations do not affect the price of liberty, which always remains at eternal vigilance.—*N. O. Picayune*.

EDITORS are talking about "Miss Braddon's cloven foot." Some editors are wonderfully inquisitive.—*Syracuse Standard*.

FUTURE punishment is for other people. The man who believes in it expects himself to be happy in heaven.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

SINCE fly time has come, the New Orleans Times says the Society for the Suppression of Profanity has suspended operations.—*Derrick*.

HE was criticising the latest grist of Graham, when it occurred to him that "this flour, by any other name, would smell as wheat."—*Rome Sentinel*.

If there are any more Royal weddings, deaths, receptions and departures, Mr. Tennyson says he shall strike for higher wages.—*Boston Post*.

A RICH young lady has fallen in love with and married a New York street car driver. From the bridle and the halter he went to the altar and the bridal, and the only train and switch to occupy his mind hereafter are those belonging to his wife. She takes him for wheel or whoa, as it were.—*Norristown Herald*.

AN Ohio cow last week broke a man's neck by a kick. A mule that witnessed the casualty went behind the barn and wept.—*Norristown Herald*.

AGE imparts a richer flavor to wine and increases its value; but, alas! it is the worst thing that could happen to an egg.—*Hackensack Republican*.

SOLOMON was the first man to suggest parting the heir in the middle. The suggestion was made to two women in a famous lawsuit.—*New York World*.

A WESTERN paper reports the discovery of a rich vein of lead in Kentucky. In the body of one of Kentucky's judges, probably.—*Phila. Kronicle-Herald*.

AND now the tramp has a new excuse. What he wants and must have is money enough to buy a pedometer so as to time himself.—*Detroit Free Press*.

AN Oil City poet sends us some verses beginning, "Now, inspiration, seize my muse." Hence the reason that we call our waste basket "Inspiration."—*Derrick*.

A MAN got sick eating fresh strawberries in Chicago yesterday. It is needless to add that the invalid is one of our heaviest capitalists.—*Chicago Evening Journal*.

THE man who carelessly investigated some excavations that were flanked with a red flag was called "a blasted idiot" by the unfeeling coroner's jury.—*New York News*.

GEORGE WASHINGTON, although first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen, was never first in a pedestrian tournament.—*Phila. Kronicle-Herald*.

THE Boston *Foot* calls the proposed overland reception of General Grant his "political funeral. It will find that the people are merely rehearsing the next inauguration."—*Phila. Bulletin*.

MISS PHEMIE BRODGETT, of this state, ate a nutmeg, and was immediately seized with a sickness that nearly cost her her life. So much for not patronizing home productions.—*Danbury News*.

A DISPATCH from Washington says the interest in the Cameron suit is waning. From the manner in which the old man has been hauled over the coals we were led to suppose it was "waxing."—*Camden Post*.

TIM RYAN was arraigned yesterday morning for assaulting a fellow-workman with a fragment of rock while quarrying together. This is a brand of Ryan rock that is not much in demand.—*Yonkers Gazette*.

ONE thousand lires in Italian are just equal to one Eli Perkins in English. P. S.—The pronunciation of lires is changed for this occasion for the benefit of Mr. Perkins.—*Constructive anticipation of PUCK by Boston Post*.

DID the cow catcher?—PUCK. No, but the engine whistled for her.—*N. H. Register*. It was rail affecting. Did they hurt her tender feelings?—*N. Y. News*. No; but it made the Locomotive's head light.—*Boston Bulletin*.

"It does not take long," says an agricultural writer, "to fork over an acre." Which is gospel truth. Thousands of acres have been forked over to the mortgagees the past year or two, in double-quick order.—*Boston Transcript*.

I HAVE vertigo, go for the doctor quick, Of my sudden illness he should quickly know,

He lives 'round the corner—I'm very sick, So the young man didn't have vertigo.

—*Court Journal*.

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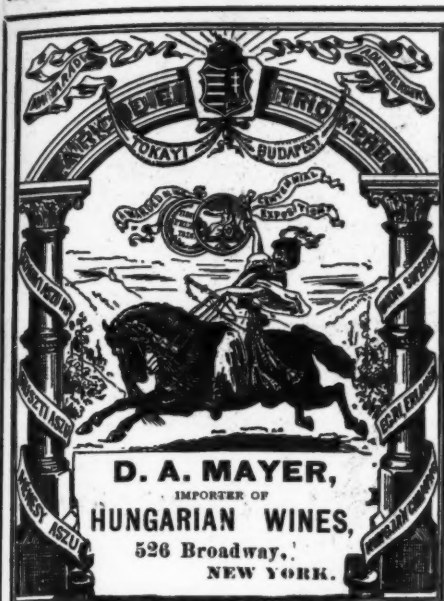
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